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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—Much Ado About Nothing.



THE Grosvenor Gallery, which has just closed its doors for the season, barely saves the national reputation in painting from the judgment of hopeless condemnation—really the only judgment possible, gauged by the average productions at the Royal Academy this year. At the smaller exhibition in Bond Street there were proportionately many more canvases of decided merit, and if there was not much indication of absolute genius, there was more than an occasional gleam of talent and originality. A canvas that pleased me greatly was "The End of a Winter's Day," by George Clausen, a low-toned little picture of a peasant and his boy trudging homeward in the winter twilight, laden with firewood; the brush-work is vigorous, the color good, and the whole has a homely, Millet-like sentiment, which made it seem out of place among the hard-finished, perfunctory work by which it was chiefly surrounded. Another newcomer—I think Mr. Clausen is a new-comer; I do not remember to have seen the name at the Grosvenor before—is C. W. Mitchell, who takes a flight in a more ambitious direction—one, by the way, in which few English painters succeed. On a large "upright" canvas he represents "Hypatia," the heroine of Charles Kingsley. With wild eyes and cheeks aflame the unhappy woman has rushed from her Alexandrian persecutors, and, ascending the very steps of the chancel, has taken shelter under the image of Jesus. The incident seized on by the artist is that described in the following stirring words of the novelist: "She shook herself free from her tormentors, and springing back, rose for a moment to her full height, naked, snow-white, against the dusky mass around . . . With one hand she clasped her golden locks around her; the other long white arm was stretched upward toward the great still Christ, appealing—and who dare say in vain?—from man to God." The idea is conceived with originality, drawn with spirit, and painted with no little technical skill.

A GROSVENOR Gallery exhibition without Burne-Jones or Whistler must necessarily lose much of its old-time flavor, when these two gentlemen were the bright particular stars among those who rebelled against the tyranny of Burlington House. Neither artist was represented this year; but the former, as usual, was more or less paraphrased or parodied by pupils or irresponsible disciples. Miss Pickering's "Dryad," imprisoned in a tree-trunk, is palpably reminiscent of the master's "Tree of Forgiveness," telling the story of Phyllis and Demophoon, even to the old majolica yellow flesh tints. More to the credit of the school—primarily because evidently sincere in feeling, and only secondarily because executed with rare technical skill—is some of the work of J. M. Strudwick, which often has the pure and decorative quality of line of a pre-Raphaëlite old master, the richness in color of a fine missal and the delicate finish of a Cosway miniature. Having said so much, I must add that, to my thinking, Mr. Strudwick's picture, "A Golden Thread"—his most ambitious work at the Grosvenor this year—is not only trivial in subject but strained in its archaism, painful in its elaboration of detail, and—its sincerity notwithstanding—effeminate rather than poetical in treatment. Much better is his single, gracefully draped female figure with a harp—entitled "Thy Tuneful Strings wake Memories"—painted in dark greens and browns, deftly heightened with relieving touches of citron. This is really a charming little work, sadly sweet in sentiment and delightfully decorative both as to line and color.

"AN Audience in Athens during the Representation of the Agamemnon," by W. B. Richmond, shows the theatre at Athens during the description of the murder as given by Clytemnestra in the tragedy by Æschylus. Only the audience, with the archon in the centre, on his throne, are seen, as, with varied and skilfully contrasted expression, they range in triple line, all in rapt attention. The difficulties of composition are cleverly met by ingenious grouping, although from the very treatment of the subject there is lacking somewhat of concentration of interest. The tone of the picture is subdued, and, in the strong sunlight effect, the tints seem so thin that had one not abundant evidences in his portraits in the room of

his capabilities in that direction, one would hardly credit the artist with much knowledge of color. This, the "Hypatia," and G. F. Watts's "Love and Life"—the latter referred to in a previous "Note Book" and in a fuller notice in *The Art Amateur* of Mr. Watts's paintings, by Mr. George P. Lathrop, some months ago—are what may be called the most "important" pictures in the collection. The last named is a replica of the one of the same title in the loan collection of the Metropolitan Museum, but it seemed to me in a more advanced stage of finish, and less dry in color. Dorothy Tennant is an accomplished young lady, who paints, with Henner-like palette, miniature nymphs, exquisitely finished. A Lemon's cattle piece, "On the Cliff," is full of the true feeling of an artist for nature. The "Trespassers," by Heywood Hardy, are excellent cows. H. S. Tuke's "Summer Time" shows two boys in a boat, in strong sunlight, admirably rendered; they have been swimming, and one is still only half dressed. A more ambitious picture of similar purpose is "Practising for the Swimming Match," by W. H. Bartlett, which reminds one of the London critics of Frederick Walker; but that lamented young genius would have put some sentiment into the work. Mr. Bartlett's picture is excellent in drawing and composition, but it is hardly more interesting than a colored photograph would be of the same scene.

WALTER CRANE appears to greater advantage in the decorative little water-color called "Pandora" than in the large allegorical picture called "Freedom," the motive of which is thus described by the artist: "The Spirit of Freedom is giving release to Humanity from the powers of both political and spiritual tyranny, represented by the soldier—king and priest sitting as guards, one on each side of the captive. They have fallen asleep while they hold the ends of the chains which have fallen from their prisoner's limbs at the appearance of Freedom, an angel of deliverance." Mr. Caldecott appears this year with a picture at the Grosvenor. "The Gardener's Little Daughter" he calls it; there are three women in white playing with a toddling little creature on a very green lawn with very bright flowers. I like the artist much better for his laughable sketches in outline with "flat tints," and so, I am sure, will the public.

"THE BRIDE OF BETHLEHEM" being by Holman Hunt must be noticed, I suppose. But it is difficult to take any interest in this expressionless young woman in a red tunic and cheap Eastern finery. There are passages of admirably harmonious coloring; but the face is finished to the point of hardness, and I fancy that even Mr. Ruskin would admit in his heart of hearts that the "sincerity" of this pet pre-Raphaëlite of his, at least so far as "The Bride" is concerned, is but one remove from prosaic stupidity.

ONE of the most exquisite canvases in the exhibition was Alma Tadema's sunny little picture, "Expectations." Of course there is the inevitable but wonderfully painted marble seat, and on it is seated a classic maiden, and there is the inevitable white sail on the inevitable sapphire sea in the background, which she is watching, and on which presumably are based her "Expectations." Let us hope that they will be realized. But, Lord, how cloying are these sweets! One *must* tire of the "damnable iteration" of the time-honored properties of the clever Dutchman's studio. I know that it would be difficult—perhaps impossible—to find another painter who can do this sort of thing so well. There is, for instance, a quality of transparency in the shadows on the marble steps in the picture which it is inconceivable that it could be better painted. But would life be any less endurable, I wonder, if the supply should cease forever? This may not be criticism. Perhaps it is only the hot weather. But let it pass.

IN portraiture there was much to admire at the Grosvenor. Alma-Tadema's "Francis Powell," the marine painter, is very strong in the modelling of the face. To the title of the same artist's equally well-painted portrait of a red-bearded gentleman he calls "My Doctor," he might have added the words "and fragments of his patient;" for the frame cuts off nearly all the latter but the hands, which pop out of a wilderness of night-shirt and bed-clothes. Millais's portrait of Mr. Gladstone is really admirable. It is interesting to compare the skilful manner in which this artist has managed the red robes of his sitter with the practice of R. Barrett Browning under a similar difficulty in the portrait of his famous father, in

the same room, painted, sad to relate, for Baliol College, Oxford. Millais, like the master that he is, has toned down the offensive color, and has almost made it endurable. Mr. Browning has emphasized it in his picture, and indeed seems to have taken especial delight in the operation, apparently, it having only divided his serious attention with the stiff white shirt, the starch-like quality of which he has rendered with a fidelity which must be highly gratifying to the professional pride of the poet's laundress. The face utterly fails to portray the noble lineaments of the original. There is supposed to be strong affinity between poetry and painting; but that poets' sons who take to the brush are not necessarily painters is illustrated in the case of this Oxford young gentleman no less forcibly than it has been in the case of another poet's of historic fame—on this side of the Atlantic.

THE catalogue of the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition this year contains more names of regular contributors to the Royal Academy than I remember to have seen before. Does the recent election of Burne-Jones as an Academician indicate that the traditional asperities between the rival institutions have been softened by time, and that only friendly rivalry is the order of the day? Nearly all the best portrait painters whose work at Burlington House I noticed last month were represented at the Grosvenor. Alma-Tadema and Millais I have named; although not the latter's admirable portrait of his niece, a little girl in black, which is, perhaps, as good a piece of child-painting as even he has done. Val Prinsep sent also a portrait of a child, not nearly so good, but more interesting than his inartistically posed and dowdily attired young woman in a cornfield "Thinking of the Days that are no More." Hubert Herkomer had several characteristic portraits, the most striking of which, perhaps, was "C. Villiers Stanford, Composer," which, if a likeness, must be a brutally frank one. He sent rather a sooty landscape called "The First Warmth of Spring," vigorous and not without sentiment, but in no way suggestive of warmth. "Miss Rachel G—," by G. F. Watts, is a young lady in black, comely, but, if one may judge from the carnations of the face, in such a feverish condition as might well alarm her friends. The same artist's portrait of "Mrs. F. Meyers," a very handsome woman, is superbly painted as to character, and is highly decorative in its rich reds and golden browns and bronze greens. His "Late Lord Hobart" is hardly less worthy of his reputation. Herbert Schmalz's "Lady Walsingham" and several smaller portraits are all meritorious, as are John Collier's "Lady Loraine" and "Mrs. Fenwick." Frank Holl's "Henry Drake" and "William T. Palmer" would doubtless have been better if less hurriedly executed. More interesting in point of character than either was "The Late Lord Overstone," a gouty old gentleman whose infirmity is unpleasantly emphasized in the chalky painting of the hands. I have referred incidentally to the portraits by Mr. Richmond. They deserve fuller mention, for they were among the most attractive in the galleries—notably that of the brown-haired young beauty, "Miss Margerie Wormald," in white satin and red lilies, against a salmon-red background, which made a charming pendant to the portrait of the lovely, sunny-haired "Miss Lettice Wormald," attired in white against a background of "old gold," relieved by cushions of peacock blue and decorative branches of almond blossoms.

THE American pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery I have reserved for a separate paragraph. Our countrymen, as usual, were better and more numerous represented there than at the Royal Academy. Mr. Whistler, as has been said, sent nothing. The landscape and cattle pieces of Mark Fisher steadily improve both in strength and sentiment. His "Low Tide" and "A Kerry Pastoral"—sheep crossing a common, under a delightful pearly sky, with fleecy clouds full of movement—show him at his best. "The Return from School," by W. J. Hennessey, is a tender twilight scene, with a rising moon; the children are naturally grouped—the two scuffling boys in the foreground are especially well done—and the whole is set in a charming English country road. "The Flowers of May" shows a merry pair of lasses, lightly clad in pink and white, running down a grassy slope toward a winding stream—a fresh and sunny picture, very sweet in color. Miss Stillman—I take this to be the talented daughter of Professor J. W. Stillman—sent a maiden attired in blue and deep crimson at a window holding a letter brought to her by a dove. "Love's Messenger" it is called. Eugene Benson sent several land-

scapes—"The Edge of the Chestnut Wood," "Hillside Path—Evening," "Mountains Beyond Bassano," "Castle of the Queen of Cyprus"—all of which show earnest feeling and honest, open-air work. More ambitious is "Cumuli Clouds and Venetian Lagoon," a study of peculiarly difficult atmospheric and sunlight effects, the result of which is more interesting in indicating the attempt than successful in its accomplishment. J. S. Sargent is seen to no better advantage than at the Salon. His master, Carolus Duran, has not drifted so far from the high road of triumph even as has this clever—too clever—pupil of his. The "Portrait of Mrs. M——" is full of affectations—constrained in expression and stiff in pose to the last degree. The arms are dropped at the sides in the usual way, with the purpose, apparently, of concealing the bad drawing of the hands; the color is leaden in hue and as heavy in effect, and the figure is absurdly costumed. It is, indeed, as if artist and model had entered into a conspiracy to produce a "Velasquez portrait" as a mere matter of pleasantry.

JOKINGLY, I once told George H. Boughton that, by the knowledge of his palette, I would undertake to pick out a picture of his in any exhibition, no matter how much he might try to conceal his identity. Let me confess myself beaten. He had at the Grosvenor two delightful little cloudy Scotch landscapes, with tiny but vigorously painted figures—"On the Spey" and "Salmon Fishing in the Beanley River"—which no one would have taken for his work without having seen his name in the catalogue. He must have left his own palette at home.

THE mourning decorations in New York in honor of General Grant were more remarkable for the liberal expenditure of money involved than for good taste. As a rule, the whole thing was vulgarly overdone, and the evidences of bad taste were by no means confined to the poorer quarter of the city. One could smile at the unconscious humor of the legend "We Mourn our Losses" which figured over the dry-goods store of a German in Grand Street, and the enterprise of another small dealer, who informed the public that it could be "supplied with a decoration in this style for \$10;" but it was hard to be amused at the economy of a leading social club, which used, as part of the decoration of its house, emblems of grief which had figured in the same conspicuous place at the time of President Garfield's death. The general mistake throughout the city was the attempt to drape an entire building, instead of concentrating the effect at some central point of door or window, and the neglect of the perfectly legitimate opportunities afforded of the free use of the national colors, to relieve the excessive heaviness of the use of black. Nothing could have been better than the arrangement over the spacious main portals of the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building, on the site of the old Post Office, in Nassau Street. Large garrison flags, draped and caught back, formed the entrance to a black-lined tent, in which arms were stacked, with furled standards, the whole artistically shrouded in crape. Very creditable, too, although somewhat too formal, with its many plaits and rosettes, and lacking concentration, was the work on the Boreel Building in Broadway, nearly opposite Wall Street; the national flag was cleverly used, and a sheaf of wheat and sickle made an effective centre for the radiation of a mass of well-disposed sable drapery.

IN a letter from Mr. Henry Blackburn to The Athenæum concerning that gentleman's proposed English water-color exhibition in Boston, he says that the collection—which is to be shipped on the Pavonia, on September 2d—"will consist of about 500 water-colors and works in black and white, and a few architectural drawings," and adds: "The customs duty alone on this collection, if paid in the usual way, would amount to about seven thousand pounds." It appears that the duty is not to be "paid in the usual way"—or in any way indeed—as the pictures are to be admitted, under the Act of Congress, March, 1872, relating to exhibitions of imported pictures in established museums. Under the concessions of this act, however, no pictures can be sold without violation of the law of the land. Do the owners know this? And how is Mr. Blackburn to recoup himself for his expenditure of time and money? As this gentleman's interest in art in this country has hitherto been entirely of the commercial kind, these are not impertinent questions.

MENZEL, the famous German battle painter, paints and draws equally well with both hands, so that he can

begin a picture at once on the right and on the left side. To this manual dexterity, according to Kladderadatsch, he owes his life: "When serving in the Artillery he was on one occasion, while in charge of three cannon, cut off and surrounded by the enemy. With quick resolve, he sprang on a horse, brandishing his own sword in his right hand and that of a fallen comrade in his left, and, dealing heavy blows on both sides, he cut his way through the enemy's lines. Menzel is almost more of a painter than a soldier. He never goes into battle without a couple of new sketch-books. During the first half of the action he fights like a savage, then he quietly sits down and sketches the rest. On riding through a town he espied in the market-place a chubby little fellow standing beside the fountain. He at once alighted and sketched for his life. When his comrades were out of sight the enemy's sharpshooters made their way into the market and opened fire on the unsuspecting artist. A bullet knocked the pencil out of his hand; Menzel got up, fell upon his assailants, disarmed them, and bound the ring-leader to his saddle-strap. Then he mounted his horse, put up his drawing materials, lighted his pipe, and rode after his troop, singing a soldier's ditty with as splendid tenor voice."

JOHNSON'S cutting of the portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, from a photograph by Rockwood, in the Midsummer number of *The Century*, is a masterpiece of wood-engraving. "Up and Down in Siena," cut by Whitney after the etching by Joseph Pennell, is almost too clever an imitation of the work of the acid and the needle; the unctuousness of the strongly-bitten lines in the foreground, and the delicacy of the dry-point touches in the sky, are given alike with such amazing fidelity to the original that I almost fear that we see here the beginning of such a series of imitations of technique as at one time characterized *The Century's* reproductions of sketches in oil and called forth my protest. With such an amazingly clever staff of engravers, I suppose there is an irresistible temptation to "show off" now and then. Perhaps this is pardonable; but, as a matter of principle, the artistic bias of the editor should be against the imitation by the burin of effects of technique which have little if any affinity with those of wood-engraving.

THE recent sale at Christie's of the pictures and bric-a-brac of Mr. Beckett-Denison brought in about £92,000, which is not nearly the sum paid by that unfortunate collector for the lots even he bought at the Hamilton sale. But, as I pointed out at that time, the prices in most cases were preposterously high. The enormous sum of \$400,000 was realized by the Duke of Hamilton, and there were 2213 lots against 3354 lots at the long-drawn-out Beckett-Denison sale. The Stow sale lasted twice as long as the latter, and brought about £17,000 less. The Bernal sale produced about two-thirds of the amount derived from the Beckett-Denison sale, and the great Strawberry Hill sale less than half of it. Next to the Hamilton sale comes the San Donato, with its £260,000 receipts. At both a vast amount of rubbish was sold at extravagant prices.

It would seem that Mr. Beckett-Denison was habitually imposed on in his purchases. Three years ago he gave 1200 guineas for five decorative panels which brought in only £372 16s.; £81 18s. for a pair of "Watteaus," knocked down for £11 11s.; £157 10s. for a "Sir Joshua" which brought in £8 8s. 6d. These unlucky purchases were not made at the Hamilton sale; but the following were: a pair of oviform Oriental vases, with a black ground brilliantly enamelled with flowers, bought for 400 guineas, sold for 275; a large Chelsea-Derby vase, bought for 255 guineas, sold for 120; a rock crystal chandelier, bought for 420 guineas, sold for 155; a Louis XIV. ebony cabinet, bought for 420 guineas, sold for 125. On the other hand, an amethyst-tinted rock crystal vase, only 5½ inches high, bought at the Wells sale two years ago for 160 guineas, brought in 525; a fine clock with revolving dials and a lizard pointing to the hour, encased in a stand of old black Boule, which cost £455 at Lady Essex's sale, brought in £645 15s. The best of the tapestry from the Hamilton sale brought good prices. Four hundred guineas was paid for a piece 12 ft. by 21.6 ins., dated 1735, and 650 guineas for a sofa and ten arm-chairs, covered with fine Gobelin tapestry. It would be interesting to know what such really costly purchases made at the Hamilton sale as the little Marie Antoinette table, secrétaire, commode, and pair of armoires, and for which the sums of £6000, £9450, £12,000, and

£9450 were paid respectively, would bring under the hammer now. Such were the prices three years ago, when it was said that "times were bad," and it was not Mr. Beckett-Denison this time, but more experienced lunatics, who made the purchases.

MR. F. SEYMOUR-HADEN attacks Mr. Strang's capacious criticism, in the Athenæum, of the exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers at the Egyptian Hall, and the Athenæum has the courage to print his remarks: "By all means," he says, "let your critics say what they like; but first take care that they are competent, and next, that they do not abuse the power which you give them for purposes which have all the appearance of being useless as guides to the ignorant, and gratuitously mischievous to the artist." Much criticism in America might come under this characterization.

MR. SEYMOUR-HADEN, by the way, sends no etching to the exhibition. Neither does Professor Legros, nor Mr. Whistler. These absentees—respectively an Englishman, a Frenchman and an American—are doubtless the three most distinguished painter-etchers in England. Of the members of the society who do exhibit this year, it may safely be said that the Venetian work of the Americans, Duveneck and Pennell, is artistically equal to anything on the walls. Mr. Seymour-Haden is represented by a mezzotint—"Breaking up of the Agamemnon." In composition it recalls his etching of the same name, which, in its force and charming simplicity of line, pleases me more than the mezzotint, with all the subtle beauty of color in the latter, especially noteworthy in the exquisite treatment of the sky.

My Paris correspondent writes as follows of the few Americans who were represented in the Sculpture Department of the recent Salon: "The most important work is a life-size nude statue of an Italian water-seller, 'Aqua Viva,' by F. E. Elwell. The little fellow, holding his pitcher in his right hand, offers a horn-cup with his left. The silhouette of the standing figure is good, the gesture and expression natural, and the modelling sincere. It is a work of considerable merit and great promise. John J. Boyle had a 'cire perdue' portrait bust. The head is powerfully modelled, but the artist has rather abused the 'boulette' process. Miss Adeline Gales exhibited a statuette of St. John, new neither in subject nor in treatment, and Mrs. C. W. Hall a bust of a little boy. It may be remarked that, at the recent Salon, there was a marked tendency on the part of the French sculptors to abandon colossal work, and to devote themselves to the production of small groups. The explanation is simply that the smaller the work the more readily can it find a resting-place in our cramped modern dwellings, or tempt some Barbedienne to reproduce it by the dozen in bronze. Evidently all sculptors cannot be employed in decorating public monuments or working for grand seigneurs who have vast châteaux and parks. In a democratic society the sculptors, if they wish to earn their living with more or less security, must reduce the proportions of their statues to the proportions of our rooms and of our purses."

THE following is clipped from a report of recent proceedings in the British Imperial Parliament:

"Lord Lamington asked her Majesty's government what steps they intended to take to complete the frescoes in the robing-room of the House of Lords,

"Lord Fitzgerald hoped that the fact that Mr. Herbert had given up his whole life to the work would be taken into account.

"Lord Henniker, who replied, said that in 1850 Mr. Herbert agreed to paint nine pictures for £9000, to be finished in ten years after the robing-room was ready for him to work in. The room was ready in 1858, but in 1864 Mr. Herbert asked that his remuneration might be reconsidered, on the ground that he had been compelled to adopt the water-glass process, the fresco system having failed. The treasury decided that £3000 should be paid to Mr. Herbert besides the £2000 paid for the picture of Moses on Mount Sinai. In 1866 another agreement was made with Mr. Herbert that he should paint the Judgment of Daniel, in three and a half years, and for that he was to be paid £4000. That picture should have been handed over complete in 1869, but it was not finished until 1880. In 1883 the then First Commissioner of Works came to the conclusion that he could hold out no hope of requesting Mr. Herbert to finish the nine pictures, the water-glass process being very expensive and entailing great additional work. After most careful consideration, Mr. Plunket, the First Commissioner of Works, had come to the conclusion that he saw no reason to alter the decision of his predecessor in 1883."

Inasmuch as Mr. Herbert is one of the most execrable painters in all England, that country is to be congratulated on his failure to complete his contract. But what a

revelation is made here of the state of art in Great Britain, when decoration in the Houses of Parliament can be intrusted to such incompetent hands! The report adds, by the way, that the Earl of Iddesleigh, "as a personal friend of Mr. Herbert for more than forty years," made an earnest plea on behalf of that gentleman. Personal friendships of legislators in this country, no less than in England, may be held responsible for more bad art in public places than perhaps any other agency.

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THE New York Sun describes a discovery of one Kerjovatz, a chemist in Brest, for disposing of the mortal remains of humanity, which is considered not only preferable in every way, both to inhumation and cremation, but which "will strike a death-blow at one of the fine arts." The body is rubbed over with a solution of plumbagine and then plunged into a copper or zinc bath, according to the purse of the mourners, and corpses in possession of the very rich may be electroplated, as it were, with gold or silver. By prolonging the bath the body is rendered as hard and indestructible as granite, and only needs a pedestal to have it complete for memorial purposes. It may be urged that such a statue could not possibly be life-like. But this objection is captious; for cannot the same, with equal justice, be urged against nearly all our public statuary?

MONTEZUMA.

AT no Paris Salon hitherto have the Americans figured so importantly in the Department of Engraving as at the one recently closed. The number of exhibitors—about a dozen—is still small, but the quality of the works exhibited is high. Frederick Juengling's wood-engravings for Harper's Magazine, of which he exhibited nine exquisite proofs, particularly attracted the admiration of the French artists, who were astounded at the warmth of color which this engraver puts into his work. Robert Hoskin, who exhibited twelve wood-engravings for the same periodical, shared with Mr. Juengling the admiration of the French artists, who frankly admit the superiority of the Americans in this branch of art. The American etchers were represented admirably by Charles Adams Platt, who showed the first state of a large plate, some three feet long, representing, in the foreground, a Dutch river crossed by a quaint old stockade-bridge, and, in the background, the river-bank, lined with houses, behind which rises a monumental church-tower, the home of innumerable pigeons. This broad scene is treated with a simplicity of means which reminds us of the best work of Whistler: it is full of air and luminousness, and altogether an excellent plate. Stephen Parrish sent four etchings, rich in color, especially one of sheep grazing in a rocky pasture, and a wild and weird composition, "Bruyères du Nord." Joseph Pennell's "Ponte Vecchio" is a fine etching, but less simple and powerful in treatment. R. V. V. Sewell's four etchings of landscapes are excellent. Miss E. A. Armstrong, a pupil of William Chase, and Miss Blanche Dillaye are both capital etchers, and Miss Gabrielle D. Clements exhibited five etchings of American, English and French scenery, decidedly artistic and good in all respects. Unfortunately, the Salon is not at all hospitable towards the engravers, and almost all this interesting work was banished to a gallery where few but specialists penetrated.

Dramatic Funnies.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

CHARLES LAMB used to excuse his erratic attendance at the India House by saying that if he came late he always went away early. Reversing this principle, the managers who ended last season sooner than usual—in June—try to make both ends meet by commencing this season sooner than usual—in August.

Three theatres were kept open during the whole Summer, and the attendance was surprisingly large. At Wallack's, when manager McCaull attempted to withdraw "The Black Hussar" and shut up the house for a fortnight, in order to prepare for the production of a musical comedy called "Chatter," the public would not permit the opera to be taken off, and the "last night" advertisements had to be discontinued.

"Adonis," at the Bijou, has had a run almost as long as that of "Hazel Kirke," the play which it was intended to burlesque. This success is due, not only to the variety performance of Henry Dixey, but to the constant introduction of new songs, new jokes and new actors. I do

not think that the burlesque has been improved, and much prefer Miss Somerville to George Fortescue in the part of the Mountain Maid; but "Adonis" is still very funny, and the laughter which it excites is hearty and healthy.

The third all-Summer theatre is the Casino, which is now under the sole management of Mr. Rudolph Aronson, with Herr Conried as his chief of staff. After a brief preliminary season of "Polly" and "Billie Taylor," during which Lillian Russell and Mr. Solomons figured conspicuously, the Aronson management was formally inaugurated by the production of "Nanon," a German opera with a French libretto, which had a great success at the Thalia last season.

"Nanon" is the story of a song, and the song is the popular waltz, "In Rapture I Come to Thee." The hero composes and sings it in honor of Nanon, a pretty inn-keeper with whom he is in love. A veteran gallant overhears it, jots down the words and music, and tries to sing it in honor of Ninon de l'Enclos. An abbé happens to be present and plagiarizes it in honor of Madame de Maintenon, to whose household he belongs. This may seem very easy humor; but it leads to all sorts of ludicrous complications, and it has the merit of being readily understood by the audience.

The work is put upon the stage very handsomely. The costumes by Baron Grimm are showy, and so is the elaborate scenery. The cast includes W. T. Carleton, an old Casino favorite; Sadie Martinot, who acts better than she sings, and Pauline Hall, who sings better than she acts. Fred. Wilson furnishes the fun, which is not very amusing. But altogether, "Nanon" is the best production of its kind that New York has yet witnessed, and it will run until October, when it is to be sent into the provinces.

One lesson of the Summer season is that musical pieces are now more popular than dramatic plays, and this marks a radical change in the tastes of our public, and ought to encourage those who hope to found a national opera in English.

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DURING what may be called the close months of amusements, two or three interesting incidents occurred. First, the new Lyceum Theatre, which was especially designed for a hot weather house, was seized by its creditors and its doors barred. The requisite legal technicalities having been complied with, the Lyceum is offered for sale, and will probably be bought by the capitalists who built it and reopened with a new comedy, called "Jaquette," with Minnie Maddern as the star.

Steele Mackaye issues the announcement of this reopening, and asserts that he is to retain the management. I hope this will prove to be true; for the theatre is as completely his creation as if he had erected it with his own hands. It is full of his inventions and contrivances, and he can say, like Sir Christopher Wren's monument, "Circumspice!"

Hardly had we time to contrast the ill luck of the Lyceum with the steady success of the little miracle theatre, the Madison Square, when Manager Palmer sent his regular company off to Chicago, with "Sealed Instructions," and undertook to burnish up John T. Raymond as a summer star.

The experiment was a failure. Mr. Raymond produced a foolish farce by Pinero, called "In Chancery," and acted the hero in such an exact imitation of Edward Terry that the audience, who had never seen Terry, wondered what had become of Raymond. Then "For Congress," in which Raymond is himself again, was revived, but the public had seen it before, at fifty cents a ticket, and naturally declined to pay a dollar and a half for a second view of it. In July, for the first time in its history, the Madison Square was closed. It reopened early in August, with "The Willow Copse;" but it might better have been kept shut until the Autumn. In the jargon of the profession this old melodrama is called "The Willow Corpse," and it proved to be very dead indeed.

How the old times came o'er me as I sat through the first night of this revival! The French original of this play was the sensation of Paris nearly forty years ago. Boucicault—then called Dionysius Lardner Bourcicault—increased his youthful reputation by adapting it for the London Adelphi. There it brought fame and fortune to Benjamin Webster, whose impersonation of Luke Fielding has never been excelled. For years it was a favorite domestic drama, both in England and this country, and I believe that C. W. Couldock was the first Luke Fielding on this side of the Atlantic.

The play has grown trite and tame, and so has Mr. Couldock. We now laugh at the tricks of playwriting and acting which used to impress our parents. The performance at the Madison Square, although capable and careful actors were in the cast, seemed like a burlesque. Mr. Couldock and Carrie Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcote, Tom Whiffen and Sam Hemple, were all wasted upon the musty, fusty rubbish that once moved thousands to tears and laughter. The audience smiled as the simple plot progressed, and gave a sigh of relief when the final curtain fell.

Nevertheless, neither time nor change can weaken the tremendous effect of the scenes between Luke Fielding and his daughter when the old farmer discovers her dishonor and renders the account of his stewardship. Our playwrights construct more clever melodramas, but they no longer originate such situations as these. They lack that touch of nature which makes the clumsy "Willow Copse" immortal.

But the most curious incident of the Summer was the unauthorized production of "The Mikado," for one night only, at the Union Square. D'Oyly Carte, the agent of Gilbert and Sullivan, had sold the New York right to manager Stetson of the Fifth Avenue. Thereupon manager Duff, of the Standard, proclaimed his intention of pirating the work, and rehearsed it for production in September. Sydney Rosenfeld forestalled them both by bringing it out at Chicago, and then suddenly transported his company to the Union Square.

The legal representatives of Carte found Judge Wheeler, of Vermont, in town and obtained a preliminary injunction against Rosenfeld, who transferred his company to a friend named Abrahams. "The Mikado" was produced, and the next morning everybody concerned was declared in contempt of the United States Court. A general scattering ensued, and the Union Square was closed.

Abrahams was subsequently arrested and put under bonds. Rosenfeld surrendered himself and gave his own recognizance. Managers Shook and Collier were ordered to show cause why they should not be committed. At this writing the matter is in abeyance; but Judge Wheeler seems inclined to be merciful.

Of course, it would not be fair to criticize such a performance of "The Mikado;" but the opera seems to me to be more popular than "Iolanthe" or "Princess Ida," and Alice Harrison and Roland Reed made decided hits as the heroine and the Lord High Executioner.

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MUSIC asserts itself in the programmes for the autumn season. We are to have grand German opera again, at the Metropolitan; grand English opera—or opera in English—under the auspices of Mrs. Thurber, at the Academy, and then grand Italian opera, with Colonel Mapleson as the impresario. The Academy is being handsomely refitted for the double campaign.

Besides these three grand opera companies, and the usual variety of comic operas in English, Judic is to give us a season of French opera bouffe, at Wallack's. She is already on her way to this country in consequence of some difficulty about the copyright of two of her pieces, which Lotta claims to have purchased.

Bartley Campbell is the most prominent figure in the dramatic world of New York at present. He has opened the season at Niblo's Garden with a classical melodrama, called "Clio," and he has become the manager of the unlucky Fourteenth Street Theatre in order to produce his own works satisfactorily.

In tragedy we are to have Mary Anderson, at the Star Theatre; Margaret Mather, at the Union Square, and the usual starring tours of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. Poor John McCullough will be missed. He has been declared hopelessly insane, with lucid intervals, and committed to an asylum.

Robson and Crane will give us Shakespearean comedy; Manager Daly will continue his adaptations of German comedies, and enough farcical comedies have been written during the past three months to occupy all our theatres for a year, at a week apiece. Whether they will fill the theatres is another question.

From abroad the most important news is the failure of Patti in "Carmen," at Covent Garden, and a subscription to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her London debut; the production of an archæological ballet at the Eden Theatre, Paris; the retirement from management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who are going to write their memoirs; and the continued success of Irving, who bestrides English theatricals like a colossus.

STEPHEN FISKE.